SLOW TO MAKE ANY CHANGE

Conservatism of Human Nature Shown in Persistence of Certain Features of Male Dress.

"Human nature is first and last conservative," philosophized a tailor, "and in nothing is that shown more than in the persistence of certain features of dress, once of great practical use, that are still continued long after their days of usefulness have passed. An instance? Look here," he said, and touched the two buttons on the under side of his sleeve. "And here again," he continued, and touched the two buttons on the back of a customer's frock coat.

"Now, of what earthly use are these buttons?" he queried. "None whatever. They have survived their usefulness of 300 years ago—yes, for fully that long they have been utterly useless, but no man would think of wearing a frock coat without these buttons. Conservatism.

"What was their use? Why, several centuries ago, when every man carried his life in his hand, when it wasn't safe to go to the shop around the corner at night, unless you were armed, for fear some fellow with a fancied grudge would stick a rapier in you, every man carried a sword. Now, in order that the sword belt should not sag at the back from the weight of the weapon two buttons were placed at the waistband of the doublet and the belt buttoned to these. They supported the sword and belt. Also, it was pretty dangerous to fight with swords with ungauntleted hands. Your opponent might slide his rapier down your blade and, with a swift twist, wound your hand or fling your sword from your grasp. Accordingly gauntlets were always worn, and that these, which were loose in fit, might not slip off they were fastened to two buttons set a little way back on the under side of the sleeve.

"The days of the sword have gone, the days of the gauntlet have gone, but the coat and sleeve buttons remain as evidence of man's conservatism."

TREES LIVE FOR CENTURIES

Six Thousand Years Is the Age of One on the Canary Islands, and There Are Numerous Others.

Knowing that some trees have reached the age of several thousand years, it is surprising that so many of our shade trees should die so young. The age of a dragon tree on one of the Canary Islands is said to be more than 6,000 years; that of a bald cypress in Mexico is believed to be more than 4,000 years, and that of an English oak in Europe and a "big tree" (Sequoia gigantea) in California is known to be more than 2,000 years.

Many trees also have attained to enormous size, both in height and diameter. The eucalyptus in Australia is known to reach a height of 470 feet and the "big tree," the redwood, and the Douglas fir in California often grow to a height of three hundred feet. The sycamore and tulip tree in the eastern states sometimes reach a height of 150 feet. The tree of largest diameter is found at the base of Mount Etna, in Sicily. It is a species of chestnut and its trunk is more than sixty feet in diameter. Some people claim this remarkable tree is the result of several individuals. The Oriental sycamore comes next with a diameter of about forty feet.—From "Trees in Winter" by Blakeslee and Jarvis.

Real Uniformity.

Colonel G—— is a fine commander, but not a musician. He sent for the chief musician of his regimental band one day and delivered this scathing criticism:

"I notice a lack of uniformity about the band which must be regulated. Yesterday morning they were out on parade, and the largest man in the band was playing a little bit of an instrument—flute or something of the kind—and you had the big drum played by a small man. That sort of thing doesn't look well, and must be attended to. I want the small men to play small instruments, and the big men the big instruments. And another thing—I want the trombone players to slide their instruments in and out in unison. It annoys me to see them all out of step with their hands."—Everybody's Magazine.

Enormous Wealth of the Borgias.

A large proportion of the wealth of the Borgias appears to have come down to their descendant, the duke of Osuna, who figures in Disraeli's letters. In 1867 the duke was appointed Spanish ambassador at St. Petersburg.

He accepted the post on condition that the government would distribute his salary among the poor of Madrid, as he could not condescend to draw money from the state. The duke was then described as "the wealthiest man in Europe." His property extends from Cadiz to Turin. He could travel by coach from Madrid through France and Germany to Warsaw and sleep every night in one of his own castles.

English Pronunciation.

When Mrs. Newlywed had completed her marketing in the Ridge avenue market the other day the butter-and-egg man said to her: "But you have forgotten your razor."

"Razor," said Mrs. Newlywed, wondering if the man was trying to make fun of her. "What do you mean?"

"Why, your bread raiser," was the reply. "yeast cake," was the reply.

WAS A "DARK HORSE"

By BELLE MANIATES.

"Thornton, I won't take 'no' for an answer this time. You can stay over a couple of weeks now just as well as not. There is a good golf links, boating, and I have three pretty daughters, and—"

"I certainly can't refuse such alluring inducements," laughted Thornton, "and I trust, Mr. Darnley, I won't be trespassing too much on your hospitality and the good nature of your household by accepting an impromptu invitation."

"The household is an unconventional one, and delights in opening doors wide when a friend knocks," replied the elder man, taking down the telephone.

"Hello! This you, Madge? Mr. Thornton is in town—you have often heard me speak of him. I have persuaded him to remain over and pay us a visit. Yes, he'll come home with me tonight." After the transaction of some business which had brought Roger Thornton, the son of an old college friend of Mr. Darnley's, to the city, they took a suburban train to the latter's country home.

"The house looks rather forbidding," observed Mr. Darnley, as they came up the graveled road, "but the girls detest lights in summer. I presume they are back in the garden or down here on the porch and I will gather them up."

Rogers heard a light footfall behind him. Then two soft arms encircled his neck, a velvety cheek was laid against his own, and a beautiful voice murmured tenderly:

"What made you so late, dear?"

Roger sat like a man dazed stunned by the touch of lips and cheek. After a throbbing silence he half whispered:

"I beg your pardon!"

There was a horrified exclamation, a swift withdrawal of arms, and the sound of vanishing skirts.

In a distant part of the house he heard echoes of mirthful laughter. Presently Darnley came out of the house.

"After prowling all over the grounds, I found the girls in the dining-room preparing a chafing dish luncheon for us. Come in and meet them."

In the dining-room Roger was presented to the three girls. In vain he looked into the roguish faces seeking some tell-tale token. But not a sign of confusion or enlightenment did he receive.

"I must tell you a good joke, Thornton," laughed Darnley. "The girls supposed it was your father I was to bring home with me!"

"Indeed! And was I also supposed to be my father when I sat out on the porch just now?" he asked, meaningly.

There was a trio of laughing voices and knowing glances.

"No. You were thought to be me," explained Darnley. "See if you can guess which one made the embarrassing error."

"There is but one way in which I can decide that matter," replied Roger, gravely.

"How?" demanded the trio.

"I must close my eyes, and each one of you can in turn come up behind he and repeat the error! Then, I might decide."

This was positively and laughingly declined. After a merry evening, Roger retired, unable to decide which of these beautiful young women he thought the most charming. The next day and evening found him still undecided, and also in the dark as to who had bestowed upon him the fleeting embrace.

On the third evening of his visit, Marie Loveridge, a niece of Mr. Darnley's, arrived to pay a visit. She was a type altogether different from her light-hearted laughter-loving cousins.

By one or two skillful moves Roger drew her apart from the gay crowd and sought a secluded retreat in the rose garden.

"Do you know," he said, suddenly, "I had a very strange experience the first night of my arrival here."

"That was before I came," reminded Marie.

"Mr. Darnley left me on the porch while he went in search of his family, and while I waited there alone in the darkness, I felt two soft arms about my neck, a cheek laid against mine, and a light kiss, and the most beautiful voice I ever heard say: 'What made you so late, dear?' When I spoke, she fled. Marie, from the first moment I saw you, I knew it must have been you who came to me there in the darkness and taught me what love might be!"

"But," she said, her voice trembling, "you know I did not come until two days later."

"I know. But still it was you—in a dream, perhaps, but, Marie, will you not make the dream come true? Can you not love me?"

With a little, glad laugh, she turned to him, and he held her in his arms.

"Roger," she said, presently, "I came a day before your arrival, and stole out that night, thinking to meet Uncle Will and reproach him for being so late. When I found my mistake, I ran in and told the girls, and begged them to keep my secret. They were lovely not to betray me, but every time I was alone with you, I was conscious of what I had done—"

"So was I, Marie," he replied.

JESSIE WAS SO LOVELY

By BELLE MANIATES.

The house seemed strangely big and empty to Edna as she sat in her boudoir, her head buried in her hands, trying to grasp the conditions of her position — a young society woman who had just instigated proceedings for a divorce. There had been no scene or scandal. The trouble had come very suddenly and quietly. Her husband, Walter Landon, had confronted her one evening with a serious face and the astonishing declaration that her cousin, Billy Jerome was on altogether too familiar footing in their household, and that she was to bestow less time and attention upon him.

"Why, Walter," protested Edna, half amused and wholly amazed, "Billy and I have been brought up like brother and sister, and had never been separated until he went west a few years ago. I couldn't get up the least sentiment for him even if I didn't care for you."

"But you are not brother and sister, and I tell you frankly it maddens me to see him appropriate you as a matter of course, and I will not permit you to drive with him as frequently as you do.

Further argument followed, but Walter was peremptory in reiterating his commands. He left the city that night on a business trip, and in his absence Edna made her plans quietly and unalterably.

"Walter," she said coldly on his return, "I think it advisable that we separate. Not on Billy's account, not because he is anything to me, but because of your stand in this matter."

"If you desire a separation," he said in a low, strange voice, "you shall have one."

She was a little startled and piqued by his ready acquiescence.

"There is one point," he said, "you have overlooked. I cannot be separated altogether from Lillian."

"Walter! As if I would put a feather between you two. She shall come to you as often as you desire."

The next day he moved into apartments, and Edna's aunt came to her. It was the time of year when nearly every one was out of town, and the few who came to the house supposed Walter to be absent on one of his frequent business trips.

As she sat alone in her boudoir, pondering over the estrangement, she heard the patter of little steps in the hall, and she lifted her head expectantly. Lillian had been spending the day with her father.

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed the little girl, excitedly. "I had such a lovely time. We all went on the river in a big boat—and—"

"Who went with you?" asked Edna, quickly.

"Papa and his friend."

"What friend?"

"A new friend, Jessie."

"Lillian," she said, angrily, "don't ever mention that Jessie's name to me again."

"Jessie was lovely to me! I like Jessie!"

So the intriguing Jessie was winning her child's affections as well as her husband's. She decided that she would not allow the child to go to her father again. She spent a miserable night. When the summons came for Lillian again the next morning, Edna, who loved her child passionately, had not the heart to refuse Lillian's pleading.

Towards dusk as she was beginning to be anxious at Lillian's prolonged absence, Doctor Brandon, an old friend, was announced.

"Why, doctor," she cried, delightedly, "I didn't know you had returned."

"I came home a few days ago and have been trying to call, but have been prevented. Are you quite well?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, very well. I want you to stay until Lillian comes. She has grown so—"

"I came to tell you about Lillian. I have just come from—her father's. She is slightly ill—no, don't be alarmed. It's a very slight disorder, but the weather has changed so suddenly, I thought it prudent for her to remain indoors for a day or two. She wants you—in fact, won't stay tonight without you. May I take you back with me? My carriage is here."

"Doctor Brandon," she exclaimed, "isn't you first name Jesse?"

"Why, yes," he replied in surprise.

"And were you up the river with Walter and Lillian yesterday?"

"Yes; the child asked me what my name was, and I told her 'Jesse,' and she proceeded to call me that to my delight and her father's distress."

He wondered at the radiant face uplifted. As they came into Walter's apartments she heard a door open.

"Walter," she said, yearningly, "I know, now, how you felt about Billy—"

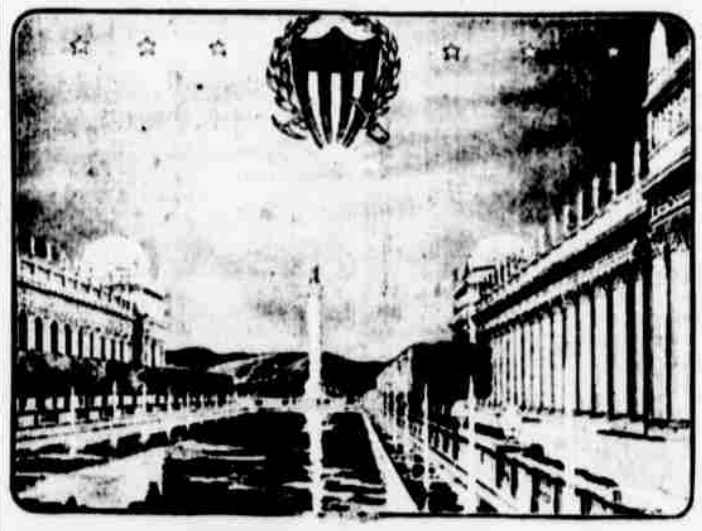
"Dear," he said when she was released from his embrace, "will you stop those awful proceedings?"

"Darling, I never began them! I simply couldn't."

PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION. SAN FRANCISCO, 1915.

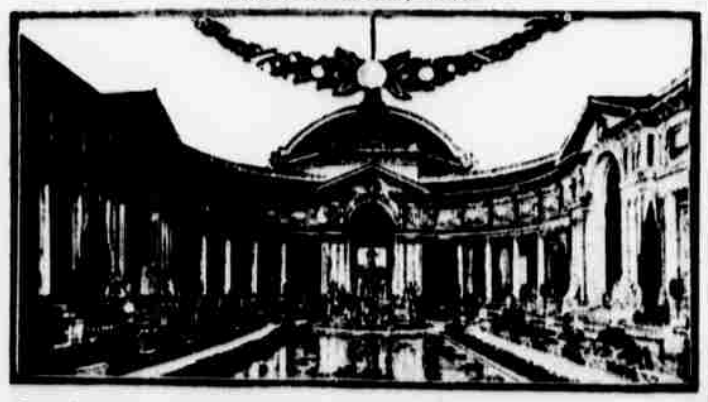
A echo tower in the Festive or East Court. At night the East Court, with its pavements of gold, its great banks of flowers, and its lofty palms, will be flooded with light. Musical masterpieces of the world will be rendered by the chimes in the towers. Great saengerfests and choral festivals will assemble upon the floors of the court. In the Festive Court, the visitor will behold a vision surpassing the richest dreams of Oriental or Moorish architecture. The floors of this court will be in tesselated pavements of gold. In the center of the court will be great groups of sculpture with fauns, dancing nymphs and satyrs. There will be great fountains upon which magic lights will play at night and at night this mystic court, as all others, will be flooded by a glow of indirect light which will resemble a bright moonlight. At the south end of the court will be a huge tower 270 feet in height in which will be a great organ with echo organs in smaller towers of the court. The Festive Court will be a court of music, of acting, and symphonic dancing. Here will assemble many of the great pageants of Oriental nations that will take part during the exposition; here too will come many of the processions from the amusement center, which will be designed to draw visitors from the more serious phases of the exposition.

PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION. SAN FRANCISCO, 1915.



LOOKING toward the hills of Marin county through the entrance of the great Court of Sun and Stars upon the harbor. In the center is seen a colossal column whose spiral represents man's climb towards fame. At the summit of the column the huge symbolical figure is designed to convey the spirit of success.

PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION. SAN FRANCISCO, 1915.



ONE of the minor courts that will open out from the great exposition city upon a vast tropical garden upon the south. This court, a marvel of tropical transplanting, is south of the Court of Four Seasons. It is designed by Mr. George W. Kelham. The Panama-Pacific International Exposition will stand alone not only in its architectural treatment but in its setting at Harbor View, the exposition site, in the adornment of its huge interior courts and of its grounds, with hundreds of thousands of palms, flowers and rare shrubs and vines, and in the superb color plan created by Jules Guerin, world famous colorist. The theme of the exposition, the sculpture, and mural paintings will exalt the spirit of achievement through which America has completed the Panama canal. The theme of the great interior courts will suggest the meeting of the East and West.

IN SIMPLE SELF-PROTECTION

Evolution of "Washermen" Made Necessary by Uncompromising Attitude of the Laundry People.

The shirtband buttonhole is the real reason why the Y. M. C. A. of Philadelphia is encouraged to start a course of instruction for men in the art of washing clothes. It better might be said that it is the back shirtband buttonhole that is responsible for the introduction into the classroom of the tub, the bluing bottle, the starch box and the ironing board.

There is one washerwoman for every 200 of this country's inhabitants, and there is a laundry for every 1,000 thereof. Neither woman nor laundry ever has been able to learn that a man has to slip a collar button through the rear hole of the shirtband. The washerwoman thinks that a man pins his collar on, and that if he doesn't he should be forced to. The laundry knows all about the buttonhole, but it is at outs with it, and seeks malevolently to destroy its identity.

An inside band to protect the male neck from chafing against the base of the back button is sewed on shirts by all self-respecting shirtmakers. For years it has been the unbreakable habit of washerwomen and laundrymen to starch this band into close boardlike union with the band back of it. It takes a knife to effect the divorce, and it is not complete until several unstitched buttonholes have been made by the blade of it. The shirt that comes back once from the wash is done for after the first surgical operation. The washladies and the laundries can save their jobs and discourage the higher education of males if they will spare their starch and save the shirts.

PREPARE SABLE FOR MARKET

Fur as It Is Taken from the Animal Is Not the Magnificent Thing That One Sees in Wraps.

"Otter hunts are fashionable in England," said the manicurist, "and I call that a sensible kind of hunt. Look at the otter skins the girls can collect—and otter coats so fashionable now, too!

"I wouldn't mind collecting an otter coat myself. But how would you like to belong to a sable hunt, girls, and collect a sable coat?

"A customer of mine, though, a fur dealer, told me I wouldn't know a sable if I saw one. I thought, of course, they'd be soft, fluffy, little fellows, but he says they have a hide as flat as a rat's. He says that when the skins are taken from the animals they are so hard that they are placed in a tub and a barefooted man steps in and begins to tread on them to soften them. The tub is tilted so that at each step the man takes the skins slide down the slope and are kept moving. The man treads for hours and hours before any pile appears. When it begins to rise the skins are oiled and the treading begins again. This is continued until the skins are as supple as chamois and the pile has become so high that the fur has that soft depth and beautiful rich gloss which we see on Fifth avenue.

"I always thought a sable was a pretty creature, with fluffy fur like a kitten, didn't you?"

Considerate Sailor.

The paying teller of one of the Cleveland banks says that on a certain day last month a jolly tar, arm in arm with his friend John Barleycorn, came rolling up to the window.

"How's business, mate?" began the seaman, sprawling both arms on the glass ledge.

"Fair," replied the paying teller indulgently. "Only fair. But we hope it will pick up before long. By the way, what can I do for you?"

"Well, you see it's like this," said the tar, pulling out a check for $30, made payable to bearer. "Here's a check as calls for a lot o' money. But I ain't goin' to be hard on you if business ain't good. No, sir! That's not my style. You just give me $10 down and send me the other $20 some time when things are looking up!"—Puck.

Half-Done Work.

There is an old story of a miser who had hidden his great treasure under a large bowlder. The secret was discovered by two blacksmiths, each of whom determined to secure the wealth, and set about preparing crowbars to pry up the rock. The one was in such haste that he did his work carelessly, and though he was first on the spot his poor tool snapped, and he could not accomplish his purpose. While he hastened back to his shop to repair the damage the second smith, who had made ready more carefully, came with his strong bar and carried off the treasure. Half-done work defeats its own ends, and the success for which one is not ready is not ready for him.

Bird Weighing One-Half Ton.

Undeniably "there were giants in those days." It may be that the "phororhacos" did not weigh quite as much as the now extinct moa of New Zealand (whose avoirdupois was largely in its huge and clumsy legs); and it was no taller than the giant ostrich of Madagascar, which measured ten feet in height, but it had by all odds the biggest head that any bird ever possessed.

In all likelihood it would have tipped the scales at not less than half a ton.